ture, and for the child-wife Rarahu. That is an idyll of the most moving kind. Here, in the beauty and solitude of this lovely river valley, Loti first saw her.

" It was about noon, on a calm and scorching day. The young Tahitian women who frequented Fautaua, drowsy with the heat, were lying on the grassy bank close to the stream, their feet dipping in the clear cool water. The same grey shade lay over us, vertical and motionless; large black velvet butterflies marked with lavender eyes fluttered languidly past, or rested on us, as though their sheeny wings were too heavy to bear them; the air was charged with heady and unfamiliar perfume; quite unconsciously I abandoned myself to this enervating existence, overborne by the Oceanian spell.

ft The undergrowth of mimosa and guava trees in the background of the picture, was suddenly

parted; there was a gentle rustle of leaves, and two girls peered forth studying the situation like two mice peeping out of a hole. They were crowned by head-dresses of leaves to shelter their heads from the heat of the sun; they were girt